



Betsy Wolfe, Alex Brightman, Ben Crawford, Lindsay Mendez, and Jay Armstrong Johnson

ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING



35MM

EVERYTHING COMES INTO FOCUS

A MUSICAL EXHIBITION

MUSIC & LYRICS BY **RYAN SCOTT OLIVER**
BASED ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF **MATTHEW MURPHY**

JOHN JOHNSON AND VERY INTENSE PRODUCTIONS

IN ASSOCIATION WITH ANGELINA BURNETT TOM & RENEE CHRISTINA DIANE FINSTON MICHAEL SEEL VAN PATTEN MEDIA

PRESENT

35MM

EVERYTHING COMES INTO FOCUS

A MUSICAL EXHIBITION

MUSIC & LYRICS BY RYAN SCOTT OLIVER

BASED ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MATTHEW MURPHY

**FEATURING ALEX BRIGHTMAN BEN CRAWFORD JAY ARMSTRONG JOHNSON
LINDSAY MENDEZ BETSY WOLFE**

WITH MATT HINKLEY YUIKO KAMAKARI ALLISON SEIDNER RICH SILVERSTEIN JOSEPH WALLACE JEREMY YADDAW

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER SARAH LEVITHAN ASSOCIATE PRODUCER & PRODUCTION MANAGER JACOB HARVEY

ORCHESTRATIONS & VOCAL ARRANGEMENTS BY RYAN SCOTT OLIVER

ADDITIONAL GUITAR ARRANGEMENTS BY MATT HINKLEY ADDITIONAL PERCUSSION ARRANGEMENTS BY JEREMY YADDAW

STAGE MANAGER KRISTINA VNOOK ASSISTANT DIRECTOR MAX FRIEDMAN

COSTUME DESIGN DAVID WITHROW PROJECTION DESIGN AARON RHYNE PRESS REPRESENTATIVE O&M CO.

GRAPHIC DESIGN RED SCANDAL GRAPHICS.COM WEB & MEDIA DESIGN VAN PATTEN MEDIA

MUSIC DIRECTION BY MICHAEL BORTH

DIRECTED BY JEREMY BLOOM

Betsy Wolfe, "Twisted Teeth"



Jay Armstrong Johnson, Betsy Wolfe, Lindsay Mendez,
Ben Crawford, Alex Brightman, "Finale"

THE TRUTH IS, 35MM WAS A LABOR OF LOVE.

There was no commission and no producer attached. Just artists making art, artists putting things on walls and making people sing, because they loved making the things they made, and because they loved each other.

Nearly all the photos you see in this exhibition were taken during random, spontaneous moments in the life of a photographer, who thought something wonderful or terrible or fascinating had to be captured. Time stopped a life in pose for a split second, which has since exploded into a story, a lyric, a melody, an orchestration, a performance, a recording—and now at last, an experience for you, the observer and listener. Many of these stories are based on real events—real death and real love. Others we made up, a variation on a theme.

For those that listen to this record and see these photographs, we hope they are entertained by the music and are stuck staring too long at the images. We hope they think about Jessy and Jules and don't rush into their relationships and reconsider their faith and above all, we hope for just a moment, they focus.

We wanted to make a new kind of musical.

Why must we tell them why?

—RSO

THE EXHIBITION

	VOICE 1 BETSY WOLFE	VOICE 2 LINDSAY MENDEZ	VOICE 3 ALEX BRIGHTMAN	VOICE 4 JAY ARMSTRONG JOHNSON	VOICE 5 BEN CRAWFORD
1 "STOP TIME"	Image 1	Photographer	Image 2	Image 3	Image 4
2 "CRAZY TOWN"	Nightmare 1	Nightmare 2	Idle Boy	Nightmare 3	Nightmare 4
3 TRANSITION 1		Voice 2	Voice 3		
4 "ON MONDAY"	The Lover				
5 "CARALEE"				The Manny	
6 "THE PARTY GOES WITH YOU"		The Broad			
7 "GOOD LADY"	Cantus	Altus	Tenor	Bassus	The Long-Tethered Knight
8 TRANSITION 2		Voice 2			
9 "MAKE ME HAPPY"		She			He
10 "THE SERAPH"		She	His Savior	The Sinner	He
11 "IMMACULATE DECEPTION"	Observer 1	Observer 2	Observer 3	Observer 4	Observer 5
12 TRANSITION 3	Voice 1	Voice 2	Voice 3	Voice 4	Voice 5
13 "LEAVE, LUANNE"		Les Voix en Dessous	Les Voix en Dessous	The Cajun	
14 "MAMA, LET ME IN"	Soprano	Alto	Tenor		Bass
15 "WHY MUST WE TELL THEM WHY?"	Betsy	Lindsay	Alex	Jay	Ben
16 "TWISTED TEETH"	Nightwalker			Her Mister	
17 "HEMMING & HAWING"	Lonely				Radio
18 TRANSITION 4	Voice 1	Voice 2	Voice 3	Voice 4	Voice 5
19 "CUT YOU A PIECE"	Jessy		A Friend of Jules and Jessy	Jules	
20 TRANSITION 5	Voice 1		Voice 3	Voice 4	Voice 5
21 "THE BALLAD OF SARA BERRY"	Chorus	Balladeer	Chorus	Chorus	Chorus
22 FINALE	Image 1	Photographer	Image 2	Image 3	Image 4

BAND

CONDUCTOR **MICHAEL BORTH**
 KEYBOARD **RICH SILVERSTEIN** DRUMS/PERCUSSION **JEREMY YADDAW** GUITARS **MATT HINKLEY**
 BASSES **JOSEPH WALLACE** VIOLIN / VIOLA **YUIKO KAMAKARI** CELLO **ALLISON SEIDNER**



Ben Crawford and
Jay Armstrong Johnson,
"Good Lady"



Ben Crawford and Betsy Wolfe, "Leave, Luanne"



Jay Armstrong Johnson,
"The Seraph"



Lindsay Mendez,
"The Party Goes With You"



Betsy Wolfe and Lindsay Mendez, "Finale"



Jay Armstrong Johnson and Betsy Wolfe, "Twisted Teeth"



Alex Brightman, "Cut You a Piece"

STOP TIME

IMAGES

There. Life. Focus.
Life. Hold. Focus.
More life. More focus.
Hold!

PHOTOGRAPHER

Stopped time.
Captured lights.
Gathered imaging on photosites.

A sensor.
Small like a tooth,
Records and stages
Pixel pages
Of truth.

Oh, a life stopped in pose
In a world that never goes.

Time stopped
By a photograph.

Who cares what happened after?

Who cares what happened after?

IMAGE #3
Still. Focus.

ALL IMAGES
Hold!
Stop.

IMAGE #2 & 3
Who cares what
happened after?

IMAGE #3
Still.
ALL IMAGES
Focus.

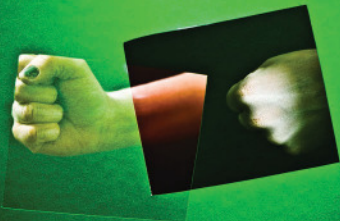
IMAGE #2
I am running.
I am
I am running.

ALL IMAGES
Focus.





8



10



11

EXPOSURE #2-47

CRAZYTOWN

NIGHTMARES

Hoo ha woah ding dong hoo ha woah ding dong hoo ha woah ding dong hoo ha woah ding dong hoo ha woah ding dong hoo ha woah ding dong hoo ha woah ding dong hoo ha woah ding dong hoo ha woah ding dong hoo ha woah ding dong hoo ha woah ding dong oh

THE IDLE BOY

There's—a—hole—
Inside—my—brain—

Take—a—stroll—

Down—the—drain—
To

Crazytown!

Crazytown!

Crazytown,
But
It ain't no Wonderland!

I am running, mid a road,
as I'm chased
Through a town psychotic.
There's a jeering jackal
much like my mother,
crying

"Bee-de-deep, bee-de-deep,
You Idle Boy!"

(And there's money on
the ground...
Pounds... Yen...!
Dollars...!)
And the jackal's close
behind!

I escape from the dog
as I dive
Through a stream of sea
snakes—

And I realize that this river
is what separates
("...Bee-de-deep,
bee-de-deep...")
The East from West.

And I'm bitten from the East
(which is present)

NIGHTMARES

Hmm

Hoo ooh ooh, ooh ...

Ahh

Ahh
(You fall there like Alice.)
Ahh
(It's an anthropomorphic circus.)
Ahh
(But
It ain't no Wonderland.)

NIGHTMARES #1 & 2
:BEE-DE-DEEP BEE-DE-DEEP
YOU IDLE BOY:

:BEE-DE-DEEP
BEE-DE-DEEP:

To the West (which is past
and future)—
I nearly drown—

In Crazytown!

Crazytown

Crazytown
But
It ain't no kind of Oz.)

I survive from the stream to
discover a
Choking orgy
All those fuckers I have
fondled in my fantasies—
Turning blue—Turning to
the idle boy.

They drag me inside:

Passing—stroking—
Asphyxiating me—
Till my hard-on is so
palpable—

I gotta go—Gotta get out—
Gotta go—gotta go—
gotta get out—gotta go

To a tower of doors!!!

THE IDLE BOY (+NIGHTMARES IN FUGUE)

In the pocket of my dress I've got a copper key. Dunno the door it goes with and that fact is killing me. In the pocket of my dress, I've got this eight-inch copper key But I dunno the door it goes with and that fact is killing me That in the pocket of my, I got this eight-inch copper key But I dunno the door it goes with and that fact is killing me That in the pocket of my dress, I've got this eight-inch copper key And I go door to door to door to door to door and woe is me And woe is me and woe is me and woe is me and woe is me and woe is me and woe is me

THE IDLE BOY

(Through the wardrobe
like Lucy.)

(It's a Christ-like allegory—)

But
It ain't no Narnia.

But, there's no exit anywhere

I'm stripping clothes, and
stripping hair

Moonstruck and naked,
I declare:

ALL NIGHTMARES

Ahh

Ahh
(You twist there like Dor'thy.)
Ahh
(It's a nightmare Technicolor.)
Ahh
(But
It ain't no kind of Oz.)

Choking orgy.

Turning blue. Turning to
—Hey, idle boy.
Yeah. You.

Passing. Stroking.
Asphyxiating.
Ooh
Ahhhhhhhh

Hoo gasp hah gasp hoo
gasp hah gasp.
Hoo gasp hah gasp hoo
gasp hah gasp.
Wait (You) please (can't)
don't (leave) go! (yet!)

NIGHTMARES

Crazytown

Crazytown

Crazytown

But
It ain't no Narnia.

(You wing there like Wendy)

(You tragic fairy island.)



12



13



14

No, this ain't no Neverland—
Narnia—
Wonderland—
Oz—

And I watch from a window
and I witness the
Town on fire.
Everybody from the jackal to
the orgiastic mass expire,
And the Tower explodes,
Ripping me apart,
Head to heel to heart,
Till I wake at the
Start.
And see:

Me.

I am running, mid a road, as
I'm chased
Through a town psychotic.

Be-de-deep be-de-deep...

Ahhhh!

Ahh

Ahh
Ahh

Ooh
Ooh
Ooh

Start.

Hoo ha woah ding dong (etc.)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Oh, a life
Stopped in pose

In a world that never goes.

ALL NIGHTMARES

Ahhhh!



15



19



24



17



20



37



18



21



46

TRANSITION 1

VOICE 2

A square display
That remembers when,
That leads the way to
live in "then,"

Those children...

Mm, never again.
Is it to change, bend,

The way things were?

To take it back,

The shot to blur?
Or—?

VOICE 3

That remembers when,
That leads the way to
live in "then,"
But why live it again?

The men...

Is it to change,
Shift
The way things were?
To turn the mystery to
a history you prefer?

The film to black,
To blur?
Or—?

EXPOSURE #48

ON MONDAY

THE LOVER

On Monday, I met you.
I liked you, I liked you.
It's Monday—bad day,
But good day for us
Good for us
You wouldn't let me kiss you
Wouldn't let me kiss you
Wouldn't let me kiss you
And that that is why
You were my kind of guy.

Then Tuesday, I called you—
Ignored me, straight voice mail.
You texted back saying, "Play hard to get.
Ready, set—"
You wouldn't let me see you
Wouldn't let me see you
Wouldn't let me see you
Got so depressed
By your test,
Still I thought—you're the best.

Cause I've been so juvenile
That to take my time, is just not my style.
Ah ah ah, ah ah, ah ah ah,

Come Wednesday: black coffee,
Pure talking, clean touching.
Oh, Wednesday, hump day,
But we just held hands,
We held hands.
You wouldn't let me take you
Wouldn't let me take you



CARALEE

THE "MANNY"

Caralee...
Is a terror.
But Caralee...
(Caralee don't suck on that)
Pays the bills.
(Drop it. Drop it. Drop it.)
Life as her munny
Beats a life on my fanny
Still Caralee...
Ugh! She kills.
(Spit. Spit. Spit. Thank you.)

Caralee has toy scissors
With which Caralee makes small cuts.
Now: you don't try to take them.
Try to borrow or break them,
And Caralee
(Goddammit!!!!)
Stabs your nuts.
(Gently, but repeatedly.)

Caralee, Caralee, Caralee,
Threw up and poo'd on my MacBook.
Woah-oh-oh-oh,

Caralee knows the F-word.
In fact, Caralee wrote a song.
It's actually hilarious
In appropriate areas—
Like Caralee
's Father's Charity Banquet
Would be wrong.
(And now we know.)

Caralee, Caralee, Caralee,
I think that she might be Satan.
Woah-oh-oh-oh,
Caralee, Caralee, Caralee,
I swear to God she is Satan.
Woah-oh-oh-oh,

Caralee likes spaghetti
And Caralee only likes spaghetti.
Spaghetti to eat with,
And spaghetti to throw with,
To get mush between feet with,
To shout "Homo" and "No" with.
Oh, Caralee,
Caralee—!

—Is yours for thirty minutes.
Here's fifty dollars. I'll be right back.

Mister, Caralee's persuasive,
she could help you sell your crack
Or if you simply need to barter
she's a very easy sale
But please don't throw her in the
trash or try to send her in the mail
Because she'll just come back to haunt
you with her scissors and her smile
And it's been awfully nice to meet
you, thanks and so long for a while
ha ha ha
Now I'm free,
Now I'm free,
Of Caralee!





THE PARTY GOES WITH YOU

THE BROAD

We don't speak of names and faces
(Why should we?)
We don't speak of husbands or homes
(...Or work, or wives, unhappy lives.)
All we've got are lips on faces
(Moving, flawlessly.)
Holding secrets in our clothes.

On the nights I catch you standing
(Are you waiting for me?)
At the counter of this bar,
(Speak-easy, hole in the wall.)
We minuet to cigarette and brandy—
(Your favorite Armagnac...)
Prohibition, but there's no harm.

But when you strike your goodbye
pose,
Everybody knows, everybody knows
The party, well... it goes too. And
damn it all, Darling:
The party goes with you.

And I'm left with all the messes,
(La di da.)
Cleaning up far vows in gold
(Our fraught affair turned solitaire.)
Wishing to take back merely one of
my yeses
(Aching to be yours.)
And have my story all retold.

But when you strike your goodbye pose,
Everybody knows, everybody knows
The party, well... it goes too.
And damn it all, darling,
The party goes with you.

And when we're dancing nose to nose,
Darling, d'you s'pose? Oh, darling, d'you
s'pose?
This party could be just us two? And
I, your wife?
Oh, the gayest party is sad but true:
It's true:
The party goes with you.
The party goes with you.

The life of the party in
The party of my life.

GOOD LADY

TROUPE

*Fortune plango vulnerat
Stillantibus ocellis
Quod sua michi munera
Subtrahit rebellis.*

THE LONG-TETHERED KNIGHT

Gone is my Lady in White.
At dawn, I roused to the sight
And I, her long-tethered Knight,
Found no answer.

I tore my blade from the wall,
Ran through each chamber and hall,
But naught for search nor for squall,
Won no answer.

What Man's so jealous yet
To steal my Lady away?
My maid with hair like jet
And skin like pearl in ocean spray!

I beg you hear my call,
Good Lady!
Athwart this earth, I follow,
Good Lady!
Your deathless scent
Is all that keeps me from my torment,
So if you hear my plea
Won't you answer?
Lady, won't you answer me?

TROUPE

*O... O...
Fortune
plango vulnerat
Stillantibus ocellis
(No answer.)*

*Quod sua
Michi munera
Subtrahit rebellis.
(No answer.)
O
Fortune
plango
vulnerat.*

Ahh!

Follow, follow, follow...
O

So sure t'was some other knight,
I took my fellows to fight.
I ran through each man aright,
But no answer.

I drove through cave, creek, and ditch
To slay each beast and each bitch,
But bathed in blood black as pitch,
I'd no answer.

If not a man or beast,
Then where's my Lady been drawn?
I've hunted west to east
To find no sign where she has gone, O

I beg you hear my call,
Good Lady!
Athwart this earth, I follow,
Good Lady!

Your deathless scent
Is all that keeps me from
my torment.
So if you hear my plea,
Won't you answer?
Lady won't you answer me?

○
○
○

Ahh
O,
Good lady,
O!

Good Lady!
O, Good Lady!

Now, to a Witch of Hell
To cast her seeing spell,
And in a pot of puss
There, the answer—!
There, the answer—!
There the answer comes, thus:

*Fortune plango vulnerat
Stillantibus ocellis*

No need for search or sword.
No further earth explored.
... Good Lady just got bored.

*Quod sua michi munera
Focus!*

Now life is naught but a sieve,
To drain what joy's left to give.
How I preferred life to live
With no answer.

*Verum est quod legitur
Rante capillata
Sed plerumque sequitur
Occasio calvata.*

TRANSITION 2

VOICE 2

It's her and her mister for the rest of their lives...
'Cause even after the body goes the image survives
To mark the abstract connection of two subjects' duet
And in this microsecond, it's as close as we get,
It's as close as we get. Oh,

To taste devotion in an infinite sense,
To make a love bound by no golden band!
No,
There are no conditions and believe no pretense
For this a union
We can't understand.

Hold. Still. Focus.
Hold. Oh—



MAKE ME HAPPY

HIM

Woah-oh-oh, ya make me happy all the time
 And you know I'm a total dick
 Butcha make me happy all the time
 Aw Baby, you just do the trick.
 Like when ya know I need my "alone time,"
 And you keep out of my goddamned way,
 An' it makes me happy—happa-happa-happy.
 Baby, never go away.

HIM & HER

'Cause you
 Make me happy. Oh, you
 Make me happy. Oh, you
 Make me happy. Oh, you
 Make me happy happy.

HER

Woah-oh-oh, ya make me happy all the time,
 And that is really fucking tough.
 Still, ya make me happy all the time
 Aw, baby, I can't get enough.
 Like how ya know I'm fond of venting
 And you let me have my fucking say,
 Which makes me happy, oh, so happy,
 Oh, baby, never go away.

HIM & HER

'Cause you
 Make me happy. Oh, you
 Make me happy. Oh, you
 Make me happy. Oh, you
 Make me happy happy.

HER

Make me happy all the time
 And you know I'm a twisted bitch
 Still to make me happy all the time
 It's whatcha call a kind of switch.

HIM

Make me happy all the time
 And you know I'm a fucking fuck
 But to make me happy all the time
 It's whatcha call a change in luck

HIM & HER

And I know I don't deserve you,
 But please, have faith in me;
 I'm working to be worthy,
 And soon you're gonna see, you'll see

I'm gonna make you happy. I will try,
 'Cause what I lack in follow-through
 Is a life so happy, happa-happa-happy
 In love with—
 Make me happy, oh you
 Make me happy, happy
 —you (Baby, I'm in love with you).



THE SERAPH

THE SINNER

I saw a devil before me and he took me by the face.
I walked inside his shadow and kept apace.
I filled my life with sin enough for the world around;
Drowned, till by an Angel Seraph I was found.

The Angel leads me onward, he watches as I sleep
The Angel thinks I've got some kind of soul to keep.
I feel him rest his Seraph head, warm, against my chest
Don't know why it should be, but by the Angel I am blessed.

And now that devil's behind me, hoping I'll trip and fall.
But the Seraph remains to remind me I can have a higher call.
I journey toward a goodness that he exemplifies
Wise and cool and clear and human in disguise,

The Angel leads me onward he watches as I sleep
The Angel thinks I've got some kind of soul to keep.
I feel him rest his Seraph head, warm, against my chest
Don't know why it should be, but by the Angel, I am blessed.

I don't believe in God. I think Jesus was just a man.
But with you in my life, I feel part of some heavenly plan.
You've shown me there is faith without fear or regret;
You are a love as close to Heaven as I'll get.

THE SINNER & THE SAVIOR

So Angel, lead me onward and hold watch as I sleep
I don't know why you think I've got a soul to keep
And when you lay your hallow'd head, warm, against my chest,
Light divine, highest Angel mine, somehow
I'll be blessed,

THE SINNER

I'll be blessed,

THE SAVIOR

Oh,

HE & SHE

No, I don't
deserve you
But please have
faith in me

I'll be blessed,

Happy, happy.
Baby I'm in love
with you.

I'm working to be
worthy, Angel...

I'll be blessed.

You make me happy
all the time.

You make me happy
all the time...



	OBSERVER #3	OBSERVER #4	OBSERVER #5
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			
11			
12			
13			
14			
15			
16			
17			
18			
19			
20			
21			
22			
23			
24			
25			
26			
27			
28			
29			
30			
31			
32			
33			
34			
35			
36			
37			
38			
39			
40			
41			
42			
43			
44			
45			
46			
47			
48			
49			
50			
51			
52			
53			
54			
55			
56			
57			
58			
59			
60			
61			
62			
63			
64			
65			
66			
67			
68			
69			
70			
71			
72			
73			
74			
75			
76			
77			
78			
79			
80			
81			
82			
83			
84			
85			
86			
87			
88			
89			
90			
91			
92			
93			
94			
95			
96			
97			
98			
99			
100			

whore	Goes like Garbo; she's	Done with her
Heel		Dirty work.
		breaks,
She slinks down to fix—	Splits the seam	
	Of her skirt.	
		In this Waverly gutter
		she's giving up tricks,
While a shutter is a		
flutter of clicks.		

'Cause she looks just like Jesus
In the liquor-lit spot,
With a tear and a tear in her side.
And so I capture
The moment I caught
Giving frame, changing shame
To pride.

OBSERVER #1	OBSERVER #2
rat	Damned
Ginger Rogers Now with hurt!	Dances on the tracks:
Cuts into the dance:	6 Train
	Ginger Rodent Guillotined.
	All the bystanders stealing a peek at the gloom,
While I'm reeling,	swiftly kneeling to zoom.

'Cause it looks just like Jesus
In a poor bloody blot,
With a crown like a raspberry stain.
And so I capture
The moment I caught,
Taking part, making art
From pain.

OBSERVER #5:
Halleluiah, hallelu

ALL:
Halleluich, hallelu.

#2:
And she'll sell for
a lot.

	Once a whore,	now much more—
Ah, well.	Ah, well.	Ah, well.
	and it's priced	
To sell.		
Bless the Lord!	Bless the Lord!	Bless the Lord!
	And I'll see you	Faith restored—
	in Hell.	
Hallelujah, hallelu.	Hallelujah, hallelu.	Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.	Hallelujah, hallelu.	Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.	Hallelujah, hallelu.	Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.	Hallelujah, hallelu.	Hallelujah, hallelu.

#3:
Yeah, I'll call it
"Jesus."

Yeah, it's just a caption

now much more—
Ah, well.

Bless the Lord!
Faith restored—

Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.

"Very David LaChapelle."

Ah, well.
Call it Christ

Bless the Lord!

Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.

On the capture
I caught.

Ah, well.

Bless the Lord!

Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.
Hallelujah, hallelu.

TRANSITION 3

VOICE #1	#2	#3
		I am running mid a road as I'm chased through a town psychotic.
	In the pocket of my dress, I've got this key	
That in the pocket of my dress I've got this eight inch copper key	It's an eight-inch copper key but, I dunno the door it goes with	I dunno the door it goes with and that fact is killing me
But I dunno the door it goes with and that fact is killing me	And that fact is killing me that in the pocket of my dress,	That in the pocket of my dress I've got this eight-inch copper key
That in the pocket of my dress I've got this eight inch copper key	I've got this eight inch copper key and I go door to door	And I go door to door to door to door to door and woe is me
And I go door to door to door to door to door and woe is me and woe is—	To door to door to door and woe is me and woe is me and woe is—	And woe is me and woe is me and woe is me and woe is me and woe is—

#4	#5
I've got this key	In the pocket of my dress, I've got this key
I've got this key	It's an eight-inch copper key but I dunno the door it goes with
And it's killing me	And that fact is killing me that in the pocket of my dress, I've got this key
Woe is me.	and woe is me
Woe is me.	and woe is me
Woe is me.	and woe is me
Woe is—	and woe is—



LEAVE, LUANNE

THE CAJUN

Luanne's fat lip is drying,
The Bastard's bacon frying,
The shiner round her eye's gone bust and bleeding;
He shouts, "Girl, set the table."
But he knows she ain't able;
Her arm's done broke,
Hung limp like yolk,
And softly she's repeating:

"Leave Luanne,
Why don't you march out that door?
Southern woman, he ain't no good to you.
Leave Luanne,
Louisiana wants war,
But it's you dying on her ruby plains."
And yet loyal Luanne remains.

Ever since he got him laid off,
His sanity just made off,
No, he was never nice, but now he's cruel.
He rapes her and he beats her
She don't fess how he treats her
'Cause a Bible verse
Says it won't get worse,
And she won't be a fool:
You won't never

+LES VOIX EN DESSOUS INTERMITTENTLY

Leave Luanne.
'Cause if you walk out that door,
His truck will be gunnin' for you.
No, you won't leave Luanne,
Or he'll give you 'what-for.'
Y'got heart where you should have had brains,
And so: Loyal Luanne remains.

Someone's howling ...
Screams like sighing
With battered breath!
Grating, growling,
Never dying,
In a fate worse than death.

But months of such conditions
Turn laymen to logicians;
And tonight the Bastard's sleeping like a log.
So she plucks the kitchen cleaver...
Creeps toward his roped up lab retriever...

And she cuts the rope
And hope on hope,
She starts to shout,

"Your dog's got out!"—
She's got her chance,
With no back-glance,
She runs out to the bog.
Screaming, screaming:

"Leave Luanne!
Leave Luanne!
You got a life left to live
In a house hanging off the Golden Coast.
Leave Luanne!
You won't forget nor forgive."
And she don't feel the stings and rips and scrapes
As finally Luanne escapes.

Swim, Luanne! Swim, Luanne!
And in this swamp of leeches,
Go as the preacher preaches,
As a light
In the night!
Push through the marsh and brushes
As the blood inside you rushes,
Left and right,
All your might!
Until you reach the bank,
And ya crawl onto the bank,
Till you feel a little yank
On your hair ...
And stricken, stare
At the Bastard, who beat you there.

The Bastard lies in bed now,
Half-sad his wife is dead now.
(They say she drowned herself in the swamp, in wild despair.)
He thinks he used to love her,
But push, it came to shove her,
A wife disposed,
A life case closed,
And no one seems to care
To grieve Luanne.

Now, no one's on his shoulder.
But his mattress don't feel colder.
In fact it's hellish hot; and the air is dank and steaming.
Yet his body starts to shiver...
When the window cracks a sliver...
And a fiery fog
From the miry bog
Pours in the room
In a sticky gloom
And there, the man
Sees dead Luanne
He's terrified—



But he keeps his pride
Though he knows that he ain't dreaming,
And he starts screaming,

"Leave Luanne!
Hell sent you back here for more,
'Cause ain't no one ever loved you.
But said Luanne:
"I come to settle a score,"
And she shows him her feet are bound in chains,
And loyal Luanne remains
And remains and remains and remains

Someone's howling
Screams like sighing
With battered breath
Grating, growling
Never dying
In a fate worse than death.

Luanne, she cries her mis'erable knell
So that Bastards will never sleep again.
No reprieve, Luannel
She pulls their souls down to Hell,
A caution to the cruelest of men:
God loves Luannel
Praise be, Amen!

EXPOSURE #57

MAMA, LET ME IN

CHOIR

Mama, let me in.
Mama, let me in.
Why you hate me, call me sin?

Mama, don't shut me out. I am here.
Mama, don't shut me out.
Don't you hear my bang and shout?

Blessed be the baby
Who cries into the night
Blessed be the baby
Who, as black bars hold tight,
Will fight.
Blessed he,
Blessed she,
Blessed me.

Mama, bring me close
And Mama, let me in
And love the child, love the sin.

Love the sinner,
Love the sin.



WHY MUST WE TELL THEM WHY?

ALEX

Why must we tell them why?
Some require an explanation for
Why we make the things we make,
Why rules must break, and for
whose sake.

But why must we tell them why?
Why excuse each deviation? Why
Must we serve them prix fixe art,
Or prove each part (art à la carte)?

Look, all we're saying is
Look. All we're saying is,
All we're saying is
Look. Look.

Hold—

Still—

And focus—

(Repeat.)

BEN

Why must we justify?
Let's defy their forms
and fixtures, not
Playing by their rules of
thumb. Gots
To become a little numb—

ALEX

And beat dat drum—

Make 'em see where we're
coming from.

See, all we're asking is
See.

See:

Hold—

BEN & JAY

(Think, and you'll miss it.)

(Think, and you'll miss it.)

(Think, and you'll miss it.

Wuh-oh—I)

(Repeat.)

JAY

(Look closely)

JAY

Make something dumb—

BEN & JAY

Make 'em see where we're
coming from.

JAY

All we're asking is,

BEN

All we're asking is
See.

See:

BEN, BETSY, JAY, LINDSAY

(Think, and you'll miss it.)

Still—

And focus—

(Repeat)

ALEX

Who's to say
What it ought to be?

It is what it is,
And it is what it's got to be.
It is what it is,
And it is what it's got to be.
(Repeat 3x)

Why must we tell them why?

See:

ALEX & BETSY

Hold—

Still—

And focus—

(Repeat 3x)

(Think, and you'll miss it.)

(Think, and you'll miss it.

Wuh-oh—I)

(Repeat)

JAY

(Look closely)

OTHERS

Ooh

Or it not to be?

It is what it is,
And it is what it's got to be.
It is what it is,
And it is what it's got to be.
(Repeat 3x)

Why must we tell them why?

See. All we're asking is...

All we're asking is

See.

See:

BEN, JAY, LINDSAY

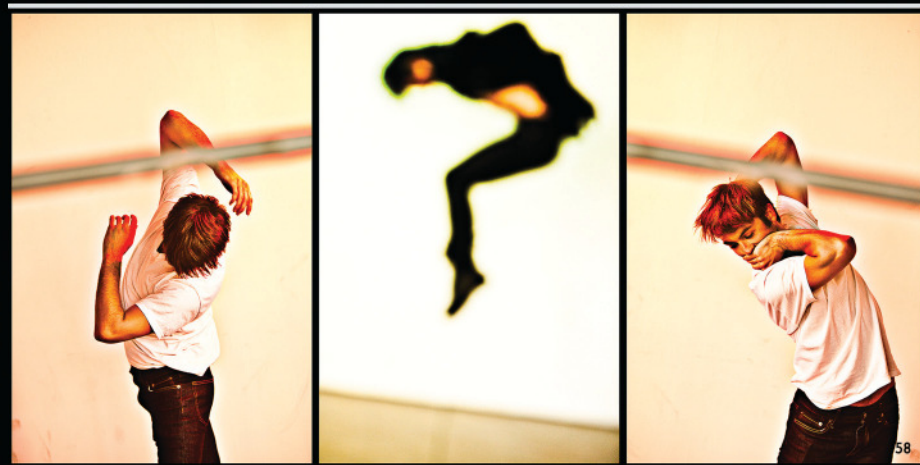
(Think, and you'll miss it.)

(Think, and you'll miss it.)

(Think, and you'll miss it.

Wuh-oh—I)

(Repeat 3x)



TWISTED TEETH

THE NIGHTWALKER

I met my Mister as I
Night-walked the Park,
So sorry to see him so
Alone in the dark.
He was cryin' because
No love would dare to come near,
And so I crept up astride,
And whispered this in his ear:
"Love those

HER MISTER

Twisted teeth.
Twisted teeth.
Ah.
Lips like a sheath,
Tongue supplemental.

Twisted teeth.
But I bet you're gentle.
Your lips like a sheath,
And your tongue
supplemental."
Then he plunged them
inside,
And as my world split
agape,
We made love in the sky,
And now I'll never escape.

He's sucking me dry.
He's sucking me dry.

Sucking... dry.
Sucking... dry.

I love my Mister and
He loves my lovin',
He fits in my family
Like I fit in his coven.
All of our friends say we
Look nearly like twins
From the wile of our eyes
To the pale of our skins
And our

Hoo
Loves my lovin'.
Hoo
Fit in his coven.

Twisted teeth
We make love, and
it's gentle
Our lips like a sheath,
But it ain't sentimental,
'Cause since he pulled
me inside
When it was right as
a rape,
We made love in
the sky
And now I'll never
escape;

Twisted teeth.
Ah,
Lips like a sheath,
Ain't sentimental.

He's sucking me dry
He's sucking me dry
Sucking...dry.

Sucking... dry.
Sucking... dry.
Sucking you dry,
Fill me up with the love.

Sucking...dry.

Twisted teeth
We make love, and
it's gentle
Our lips like a sheath,
Making love elemental.

We may bring
Others inside
Candied face, chiseled
shape,
They come into our bed
But they never escape

We suck them all dry
We suck them all dry

We suck them all dry
We suck them all dry

Just me and my Mister,
For the rest of our life
He's my Mister forever,
I, forever his wife.
Ain't no doors get locked,
Ain't no secrets get hid,
'Cause I'd die for my Mister,
And in truth, die, I did.

Die, I did.

Sucking you dry,
Fill me up with the love.

Twisted teeth
We make love, and
it's gentle
Our lips like a sheath,
Making love elemental,
Oh...

Others inside
Candied face, chiseled
shape,
They come into our bed
But they never escape

Suck them all dry.

Suck them all dry.
Sucking you dry,
Fill me up with the love.
Sucking you dry,
Fill me up with the love.

...Fill me up...

...Fill me up with the love...
...Fill me up with the love...

EXPOSURE #72

HEMMING & HAWING

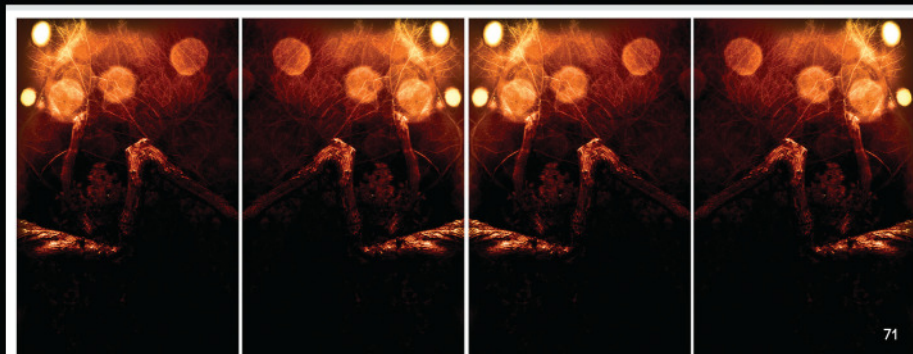
RADIO

She wouldn't pull away like you did today
Though you know how I like P.D.A.
('Cause I'm proud to be with you—) (Well, I was.)

She wouldn't pitch a fit, wouldn't bitch a bit,
When I leave her alone with my friends,
'Cause she'd like them, and they'd like her,
They'd like each other—

RADIO & LONELY

And oh, you're so not perfect.
Yeah oh, let me count the ways.



But oh, she could be perfect;
I'm gonna leave you., I'm gonna leave you....
...One of these days.

Hemming and hawing,
Conclusions been drawing about you, about you.
Condemning, applauding,
Till solutions come dawning
To make the fighting come to fawning be through.

RADIO

She wouldn't piss me off, and not knock it off
When I tell her I'm reaching that point
(Like I told you this morning, when I left.)

She'd like to hear me talk, she wouldn't dare to mock
How I tend to tell stories for shit.
(*Cause she'd care how I wanna share things with her.)

RADIO & LONELY

And oh, you think you're so perfect,
Yeah oh, in so many ways.
But oh, I think she'd (he'd) be perfect
So I'm leaving, I'm leaving.
...Just a few more days.

Hemming and hawing,
Conclusions been drawing about you, about you.
Condemning, applauding,
Till solutions come dawning
To make the fighting come to fawning be through.

RADIO

Am I getting bored? Just wanna be adored?
Is it you? Is it me? Is it us?

I used to plan us out, used to have no doubt
We'd be married and happy for life
You were gonna be my wife.

RADIO & LONELY

Oh, we used to be perfect
Yeah, oh, in so many ways
But oh, I just want to be perfect (we should be perfect)
Don't wanna leave you, don't wanna lose you
Bring us back to our better days.
I'm tired of

Hemming and hawing.
I want the plans we were drawing to come true, to come true.
Condemning, applauding,
With no solutions come calling
Seems everything's falling apart,
Everyday leads a different way
And the ending, I want it to start...
So, goddamn, I hate you, heart.
Goddamn, I hate you heart.
Goddamn, I hate you heart.



TRANSITION 4

MEN

I've heard the soul is held,
That life and film will meld,
The force forever shelled.

Or like a hair from the head,
A flower plucked from its bed,
Is it just paper:
Dead?
(A paper grave?)

WOMEN

(Life)
(Still)

Dead?
(A paper grave?)

But yet, for something
that's died

For us and what's trapped
inside

Does something try to
respond?

There's no answer.

There's some connection
implied

And if a world lies beyond

Is film an unearthly bond?

There's no answer.

EXPOSURE #73

CUT YOU A PIECE

A FRIEND OF JULES AND JESSY

Jules, he was fucked-up and Jessy, she was peerless
So of course they fell in love.
Jessy let Jules know what was wrong with him,
And Jules stopped using and binging
And pissing his whole life away.
Jules told Jessy he'd die for her,
Which, looking back, was the right thing to say.

I cut you a piece of me.
I cut you a piece of me.

And where I go, you will go, too
I am now a part of you.

Jules and his Jessy got married in his Temple,
'Cuz they calculated that Jules was more Jewish
Than Jessy was Cath'lic.
(Jules' mother was pleased.)
Married six months,
When on Route 87,
Jules turned quickly, and a beat Mitsubishi
Killed Jessy in the crash.
A marriage begun and ended with broken glass,
His life was scattered—and soon was her ash.



I cut you a piece of me.
I cut you a piece of me.
Where you go, I will go, too
I lost my life when I lost you.

Yeah, you love someone so much,
That to lose them is to never recover;
You've given a part of your being to them
And when they go—
You can never have it back.
You can never have it back.

I haven't thought of Jules or Jessy, or their story,
For the better part of a year.
But warming your hands with mine,
Fills me with terror
That I will lose you—
Today or tomorrow—
In two years or seventy.
When even the earth has numbered days,
I can give just one thing that stays:

	JESSY	JULES
I cut you a piece of me.	... Cut you a piece of me.	
I cut you a piece of me.	I cut you a piece of me.	
Where you go, I will go, too	For where you go, I will go, too	
I am now a part of you.	I am always part of you.	

From now on I'm half a soul Without you I can't be whole.	From now on I'm half a soul Without you I can't be whole.	From now on I'm half a soul Without you I can't be whole. I can't be whole.
So cut me a piece of you	Yeah, you love someone so much,	Yeah, you love someone so much,
Cut me a piece of you And where I go you'll always be	Where I go you'll always be.	Where I go you'll always be.

Oh, you are the start of me. Oh, you are the start of me. Oh, you are the start of me. Oh, you are the start of me. Oh, you are the start of me.	Oh, you are the start! Hold! Still! Focus!	Oh, you are the start! Hold! Still! Focus!
--	---	---

TRANSITION 4

VOICE 1	VOICE 3	VOICE 4	VOICE 5
(Focus) Hmm Focus	(Focus) There, life Still, life Still, focus More life More focus	(Focus) There Life Still Still	There Life Still Hold Hmm Focus Hmm
Hmm	Hold Life Focus And focus Sara	Hold And focus And focus There Sara	Hold There Focus Focus Sara Sara Sara
Focus Sara Sara focus...	Focus Sara Sara focus...	Focus Sara Sara focus...	Focus Sara Sara focus...

THE BALLAD OF SARA BERRY

BALLADEER & CHORUS
O, down on your knees before the Queen.
O, down on your knees before the Queen.

BALLADEER
Sara Berry was a popular bitch.

Hot bod, hot boy, cheer captain,
plus she was rich.

That girl had everything till hiccup
and hitch:
Julie Jenkins lost a leg in a wreck.

The nominations for Prom
Royalty came

Our Sara's Senior Year, and Queen
was her claim—

Till gossip stirred the student body
would name
Julie Jenkins, Queen of the Prom.

"Sara," her father said,
"Life is a Prom."
I know you won't disappoint
me and Mom..."

BALLADEER & CHORUS
You taste the silver, Sara! You taste the crown.
You thirst for blood from the roses in hand.
You spoil for sash and scepter, music to dance,
As they crown you Queen of High School Land.

CHORUS
(Check Sara, Choose Sara,
Vote for Sara Berry.)
(Check Sara, Choose Sara,
Vote, Vote Sara Berry.)
(Continues.)

BALLADEER
So obsessed, our Sara near
lost her mind.
To life un-Prom-related, Sara was
blind;
She shoved her squad, her clique,
her boyfriend behind—
Still Julie had a hold on the lead.

Soon Sara's sanity was hung by
a thread,
Her B.F.F.'s proclaimed her

CHORUS

(Mm-hmm.)

(Oh, yeah.)

Julie Jenkins lost a leg!
(Am—pu—ta—ted)

(Uh-huh.)

(Uh, duh.)

(Pi—ty—vote)

(Poor, poor Julie)

socially dead.
Till then, at last, her boyfriend texted
and said:
"I'm taking Julie to the Senior Prom."
(Love, love Julie)

"Sara," her father said, "Why be
so calm?"
There's just no future for a
Princess at Prom..."

BALLADEER & CHORUS
You taste the silver, Sara! You taste the crown.
You thirst for blood from the roses in hand.
You spoil for sash and scepter, music to dance,
As they crown you Queen of High School Land.

Woah-oh-oh-oh, Oh, Oh!
Down on your knees before the Queen.
Woah-oh-oh-oh, Oh, Oh!
Down on your knees before the Queen.

THE BALLADEER **CHORUS**

Some girls are rational but Sara
was not
She stared in mirrors thinking one
single thought:

There's seven reasons this
Crown's not good as got—

And so the night of Prom, mercy!
Thus went her plot:

CHORUS (VARIOUSLY)
"P" is for Patricia drinking poisoned punch.
"R" is for Raquel dashed on a rock: crunch.
"O" is what Anne said Sara bludgeoned her brains
And "M" is Marianna's marinated remains.

But! But! "Q" is for Quiera, quiet, drowned in the pool.
"U" is for Eunice's pieces spread round the school
But "E's" are for the easy way in five minutes tops

THE BALLADEER

...A one-legged girl can bring an
"N" for "end" by calling the cops.

You got your silver Sara, you got
your crown
You got their blood on the roses
in hand
(Woah)
You donned the sash and scepter,
doing a dance,
As you crowned you Queen of
High School Land!

God save the Queen!

CHORUS
...What a bitch.

(Woah)

Woah-oh-oh-oh,
Oh, Oh!

God save the Queen!

The Queen of High
School Land!

Oh, the Queen of High
School Land!

Into a tight straitjacket, small
padded cell,
Screaming,
"I'm Queen of High School
Land!"

At least in your head
You're Queen of High School
Land
Oh, pity the dead
You're Queen of High School
Land

Check Sara, Choose Sara,
Vote for Sara Berry,
Check Sara, Choose Sara,
Vote for
Sara Berry.

Down on your knees
before the Queen.

Woah-oh-oh-oh, Oh, Oh!

Down on your knees
before the Queen.

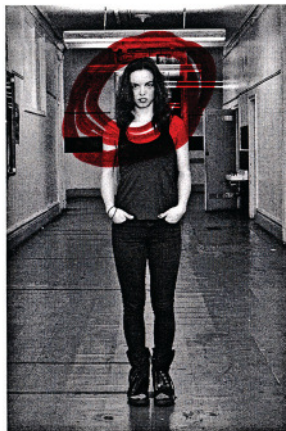
They wrapped your wrists in
silver,
They took your crown,
They washed the blood from
each finger and hand.
Into a tight straitjacket, small
padded cell,

Woah-oh-oh-oh, Oh, Oh!

Down on your knees before
the Queen.
Woah-oh-oh-oh, Oh, Oh!
Down on your knees before
the Queen.

The Ballad of

Sara Berry.



FINALE

PHOTOGRAPHER

Stop time.
Captured lights.
Gathered imaging on photosites.

IMAGE 4

A sensor small like a tooth

IMAGE 2 & 4

Records and stages pixel pages of

ALL

Truth.
Still—there—

IMAGE 3

Stop time.
Something there
Keeps you right in it,
Changes sight a bit,
Makes you care.

There...

(Stare.)

ALL

Oh, a life stopped in pose
In a world
That never goes.

IMAGE 2

I am running mid a road as
I'm chased through a town
psychotic.

PHOTOGRAPHER &

IMAGE 2

Mama, let me in.

IMAGE 1

Cut me a piece of you.

IMAGE 4

Ah, ah ah,

ALL

You idle boy!
You idle boy, you idle boy,
You idle boy!

Time stopped by a photograph:
Time stopped, a moment
split in half

Stop time
Captured light
It's the final claim for what's in the frame,

WOMEN

It's not right.

MEN

It's not wrong.

IMAGE 1

In its depth,

IMAGE 2

Its color,

IMAGE 4

Its wonder,

ALL

Its song,
It's what's in sight

PHOTOGRAPHER

In focus.

So focus.

And focus.

ALL VARIOUSLY

There.
Still. Life. Focus. Still. Life.
More life. More focus.
Hold!

IMAGE 1

There. Life.

Focus.

Still. Hold.

Focus.

More life.

More focus.

Hold!

There. Life.

Focus.

Still. Hold.

Focus.

More life.

More focus.

Hold! Hold! Hold!

END OF PLAY.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Its height,

IMAGE 3

Its plight,

OTHERS

Focus. Focus.

Focus. Focus.

IMAGE 1

There. Life.

Focus.

Still. Hold.

Focus.

More life.

More focus.

Hold!

There. Life.

Focus.

Still. Hold.

Focus.

More life.

More focus.

Hold! Hold! Hold!

END OF PLAY.

IMAGE 3

There.

Life.

Still.

There.

Focus.

Hold!

There.

Life.

There.

Focus.

Still.

There.

Focus.

Hold! Hold! Hold!

END OF PLAY.

IMAGE 2

There. Life.

Still. Life.

Still. Focus.

More life.

More focus.

Hold!

There. Life.

Still. Life.

Still. Focus.

More life.

More focus.

Hold! Hold! Hold!

Hold! Hold! Hold!

END OF PLAY.

ALBUM PRODUCED BY DEAN SHARENOW AND RYAN SCOTT OLIVER
RECORDED AND MIXED BY DEAN SHARENOW

RECORDED ON MARCH 9 AND 19, 2012 AT SEAR SOUND, NYC

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN JOHNSON

MASTERED BY SCOTT HULL AT MASTERDISK, NYC

MIXED AT STEEL CUT AUDIO, NYC

KEYBOARD PROGRAMMING BY MICHAEL BORTH

ASST. STAGE MANAGER ARYSBELLSFIGUERO BOOKLET DESIGNED BY ARESSOGRAPHICDESIGN AND REDSCANDALGRAPHICS.COM

BOOKLET PROOFING BY ASHLEY THAXTON ADDITIONAL CONTRACTING BY HOWARD JOINES PRODUCTION PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEVIN THOMAS GARCIA

The 35mm team wishes to thank Kurt Deutsch, Greg Brunswick, Steve Norman, Katie Reigel, and everyone at Sh-K-Boom/Ghostlight;

Our generous Kickstarter donors, especially Mike & Beckie Mendez, M'Liss G Dorrance, Patricia Haase, Gregory Jacobs-Roseman, Peter P.Y. Mao, Graig Churchill, Richard Hanson, Kim Hoey, Alicia Dempster, David Budinger, Kevin Pearson, Christopher van der Waerden, Laura Lavan, Daniel Oliver, Kevin S. Montgomery, Michelle Finstan, Will Van Dyke, NEPA Payroll Services, Victoria Chatfield and Ryan Haase;

Also thanks to those pictured in the Source Photographs. Garrett Burreson ("Good Lady"), Aaron Carr ("Why Must We Tell Them Why?"), Michelle Dorrance ("The Ballad of Sara Berry"), Maria Giarrizzo ("The Ballad of Sara Berry"), Jessica Hershberg ("Cut You a Piece," "The Ballad of Sara Berry"), Jay Armstrong Johnson ("Cut You a Piece"), Lindsey Kyler ("The Ballad of Sara Berry"), Michael Lowney ("On Monday," "Make Me Happy," "Hemming & Hawing"), Sydney Marton ("The Ballad of Sara Berry"), Ashley Thaxton ("The Ballad of Sara Berry"), Gillian Todd ("Crazytown," "Make Me Happy," "Hemming & Hawing"), Alison Velasco ("The Ballad of Sara Berry"), Natalie Weiss ("On Monday"), Jessica Waxman ("The Ballad of Sara Berry"), Jake Wilson ("Leave Luanne," "The Seraph");

And a special thanks to Linda and Michael Murphy, Sherry and Scott Oliver, and Jessica Amato.

Music and lyrics by Ryan Scott Oliver © 2010, 2011, 2012 Aresso Music Publishing, all rights reserved. www.ryanscottoliver.com

The photographs used in 35mm: A Musical Exhibition © 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012 by Matthew Murphy, all rights reserved. www.murphymade.com

35MM: A MUSICAL EXHIBITION IS AVAILABLE FOR LICENSING. www.35mmTheMusical.com